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THE
Aldelburgh
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and the



present

Mehgan Atchison *soprano*

Andrea Ludwig *mezzo*

with

Bruce Ubukata *piano*

Walter Hall

Wednesday, December 6, 2000

8 p.m.

MEHGAN ATCHISON, soprano ANDREA LUDWIG, mezzo

BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group of songs ♦

Four songs

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Graham Johnson, whose mammoth project to record all of Schubert's songs was recently brought to a triumphant conclusion, has referred to the Shakespearean quality of the composer's output, "wherein is contained tragedy, history, comedy and lyric, and a huge variety of roles for artists of every type." This little group of four songs spans a fair range of early Romantic sensibility; it begins with an encomium on domestic musicmaking, passes through the joys and sorrows of love and ends with one of Schubert's most extended lyrical outpourings, the text of which records the ardent affair between Marianne von Willemer and the great poet, Goethe.

An mein Klavier (*Christian Friedrich Schubart*) D. 342

Sanftes Klavier,
Welche Entzückungen schaffest
 du mir,
Sanftes Klavier!
Wenn sich die Schönen
Tändelnd verwöhnen,
Weih' ich mich dir,
Liebes Klavier!

Bin ich allein,
Hauch' ich dir meine
 Empfindungen ein,
Himmlisch und rein.
Unschuld im Spiele
Tugendgefühle,
Sprechen aus dir,
Trautes Klavier!

Sanftes Klavier,
Welche Entzückungen schaffest
 du mir,
Goldnes Klavier!
Wenn mich im Leben
Sorgen umschweben,
Töne du mir,
Trautes Klavier!

To my piano
Gentle piano,
what delights you bring
 me,
gentle piano!
While the spoilt beauties
dally,
I devote myself to you,
dear piano!

When I am alone
I whisper my feelings
 to you,
pure and celestial.
As I play, innocence
and virtuous sentiments
speak from you,
beloved piano!

Gentle piano,
what delights you awaken within
 me,
golden piano!
When in this life
cares beset me,
sing to me,
beloved piano!

Die abgeblühte Linde (*Ludwig von Széchenyi*) D. 514

The faded linden tree

Wirst du halten, was du schwurst,
Wenn mir die Zeit die Locken bleicht?
Wie du über Berge fuhrst,
Eilt das Wiedersehn nicht leicht.

Ändrung ist das Kind der Zeit,
Wo mit Trennung uns bedroht,
Und was die Zukunft beut,
Ist ein blässer's Lebensrot.

Sieh, die Linde blühet noch,
Als du heute von ihr gehst;
Wirst sie wieder finden, doch
Ihre Blüten stiehlt
der West.

Einsam steht sie dann, vorbei
Geht man kalt, bemerkt
sie kaum.
Nur der Gärtner bleibt ihr treu,
Denn er liebt in ihr den Baum.

Will you abide by what you pledged to me,
when time has made my hair white?
Since you went away over the mountains,
reunions are not easy.

Change is the child of time,
with which parting threatens us,
and what the future offers us
is a paler gleam of life.

See, the linden tree is still blooming
as you leave here today;
You will find it again,
though the west wind steals
its blossoms.

Then it will stand alone, people will
pass by, indifferent, scarcely
noticing it.
Only the gardener will remain true,
Since he loves the tree for itself.

An den Mond (*Ludwig Höltz*) D. 193

Geuß, lieber Mond, geuß deine
Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn!

Enthülle dich, daß ich die Stätte
finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen saß,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums
und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergaß.

Enthülle dich, daß ich des Strauchs
mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger
streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den
Schleier wieder,
Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor
hernieder,
Wie dein Verlaßner weint!

To the moon

Beloved moon, shed your silver
radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the
spot
where my beloved sat,
where often in the swaying
branches of the beech and lime,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may
delight in the whispering bushes
that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that
meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon, take your veil
once more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy
clouds,
as your forsaken one weeps.

Suleika I (*Marianne von Willemer adapted by Goethe*) D. 720

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe
Kunde?

Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne
Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel
prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

What does this stirring portend?
Is the East wind bringing me joyful
tidings?

the refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat
of the sun
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and
hillsides.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given to me only by his breath.



Four duets

Robert Schumann (1810-56)

The duets of Op. 43 were the first compositions which Schumann wrote after his marriage to Clara Wieck in 1840 — note the optimism of *Herbstlied*, in which even the harshness of winter cannot quench love. *Erste Begegnung* comes from a group of partsongs, *Spanisches Liederspiel*, which features translations by Emanuel Geibel from Spanish folk poems (which Wolf was later to use in his *Spanisches Liederbuch*). In 1851, Schumann set a number of poems by Elisabeth Kulmann, who died before her seventeenth birthday. There is a pathetic parallel between her verses and the composer's state of mind, poised on the brink of insanity and creative silence: "Freuet euch, so lang der Mai und der Sommer währet, nur zu bald sind sie vorbei — und der Winter kehret."

Erste Begegnung (*Spanish, trans. Emanuel Geibel*) Op. 74/1**First meeting**

Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
Von den Rosen komm ich,
An den Ufern jenes Wassers
Sah ich Rosen stehn und Knospen;
Von den Rosen komm ich.

I come from the rose bush, mother
I come from the roses;
at the shore of the water
I saw roses and rosebuds standing;
I come from the roses.

An den Ufern jenes Flusses
Sah ich Rosen stehn in Blüte;
Brach mit Seufzen mir die Rosen
Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter.

At the shore of the river
I saw roses standing in blossom,
and with a sigh I broke the roses
from the rose bush, oh mother.

Und am Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
Einen Jüngling sah ich,
An den Ufern jenes Wassers
Einen schlanken Jüngling sah ich.

And near the rose bush, oh mother,
I saw a young man,
at the shore of the water
I saw a slender young man.

An den Ufern jenes Flusses
Sucht' nach Rosen auch der
Jüngling.
Viele Rosen pflückt' er,
Und mit Lächeln brach die
schönste er,
Gab mit Seufzen mir die Rose.

At the shore of the water,
the young man was also looking
for roses,
he gathered many roses,
and smiling he took the most
beautiful
and gave me the rose with a sigh.

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*) Op. 43/1

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt,
Flög ich zu dir.
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,
Bleib ich allhier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir
Und red mit dir.
Wenn ich erwachen tu,
Bin ich allein.

Es vergeht kein Stund in der Nacht,
Da mein Herze nicht erwacht
Und an dich gedenkt,
Daß du mir viel tausendmal
Dein Herz geschenkt.

Were I a bird
and had two wings.
I'd fly to you.
That may not be, and so I stay
here where I am.

I may be far from you, yet in
my dreams I'm with you,
speak to you.
When I awake
you are not there.

Every hour of every night
my heart is watching,
thinking of you
and of the heart that you
so often gave to me.

Mailed (*Elisabeth Kuhmann*) Op. 103/1

Pflücket Rosen, um das Haar
Schön damit zu kränzen,
Reihe dich, o junge Schar,
Dann zu frohen Tänzen!

Freuet euch, so lang der Mai
Und der Sommer währet
Nur zu bald sind sie vorbei,
Und der Winder kehret.

Lange müßt ihr dann aufs neu
Bei der Lampe sitzen,
Und bei ew'gem Einerlei
Saurer Arbeit schwitzen.

Pflücket Rosen, um das Haar
Schön damit zu kränzen,
Reihe dich, o junge Schar,
Dann zu frohen Tänzen!

May song

Gather roses as beautiful
adornment for your hair,
take up positions all you young people,
then on with the joyful dance!

Rejoice as long as May
and Summertime last,
all too soon they will be over
and Winter will return.

Then you will again have to sit
for hours by the lamp,
and sweat over your miserable work,
endlessly monotonous.

Gather roses as beautiful
adornment for your hair,
take up positions all you young people,
then on with the joyful dance!

Herbstlied (*August Mahlmann*) Op. 43/2

Das Laub fällt von dem Bäumen,
Das zarte Sommerlaub.
Das Leben mit seinen Träumen
Zerfällt in Asch und Staub.

Die Vöglein in Walde sangen,
Wie schweigt der Wald jetzt still!
Die Lieb ist fortgegangen,
Kein Vöglein singen will.

Die Liebe kehrt wohl wieder
Im lieben künft'gen Jahr,
Und alles kehrt dann wieder,
Was jetzt verklungen war.

Du Winter, sei willkommen,
Dein Kleid is rein und neu.
Er hat den Schmuck genommen,
Den Schmuck bewahrt er treu.

Autumn Song

The tender leaves the summer saw
fall from the trees.
Life with its dreams decays and
turns to dust and ash.

The woodland birds used to sing,
how quiet the wood is now.
Love is departed, and we hear
no birdsong now.

But love will come again, no doubt,
in the good year that's to come,
when all will come again that now
has left a silent void.

So welcome winter! for his garb
is clean and new; and though
he steals the forest's finery,
he stores it safe away.

**Five songs** (*Eduard Mörike*)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

"This condition of inspiration is exquisite torment to me, not pure happiness ... Am I really one of the elect? ... I believe I am mad!" For four months in early 1888, Wolf borrowed the house of some friends of his in Perchtoldsdorf, still a picturesque village just outside Vienna. Between 16 February and 18 May, he set 43 poems by the south German poet Eduard Mörike (1804-75) — the final ten followed later in the year. This burst of creativity was amazing even for Wolf; sometimes he composed two or three songs on the same day. Not even Schubert with Goethe, Schumann with Heine or Debussy with Verlaine could compare.

The last two songs in this group need some explanation. The discovery of a Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger*) blooming in winter in a churchyard was a profoundly moving experience for the poet. He commented: "It flowers 'early' rather than 'late', in horticultural terminology. Thus, its scent is reflected back from the year to come, which one can well believe of so mystic a flower." *Auf einer Wanderung*, one of Wolf's most Mahlerian songs, describes a visit Mörike paid to Neuenstadt (presumably on horseback!) in 1845; at the time, he was deeply in love with the woman who was to become his wife.

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muß ich am Herde stehn,
Muß Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken.
Ich schaue so darein,
in Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Daß ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran -
O ging er wieder!

Begegnung

Was doch heut Nacht ein Sturm
gewesen,
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!

Da kommt ein Mädchen schon
die Straßen,
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,
So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.

Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,
Er will ihr voll Entzücken
nahn:

Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!

Er scheint zu fragen, ob das
Liebchen
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,
Die heute Nacht im offenen Stübchen
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

Der Bursche träumt noch von den
Küssen,
Die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

The forsaken maiden

Early, when the cock crows,
before the stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth;
I must light the fire.

Beautiful is the blaze of the flames;
the sparks fly.
I gaze into the fire,
sunk in grief.

Suddenly, it comes to me,
unfaithful boy,
that last night
I dreamed of you.

Tears upon tears then
pour down;
So the day comes -
O would it were gone again!

Encounter

What a storm it was
last night,
raging until the morning!
How that unprayed-for broom
swept clean the chimneys and streets!

There comes a maiden along
the street
who, half-scared, glances around her;
like roses that the wind blows wild,
so her face's glow fluctuates.

A handsome boy steps toward her:
he wants to approach her, full
of delight:
how joyful and embarrassed
seems this unaccustomed rogue!

He appears to ask whether his
sweetheart
has put to right her braids,
which last night in her open chamber
a storm brought into disorder.

The lad still dreams of the
kisses
which the sweet girl exchanged with him;
and he stands, overcome by her charm,
while away she rushes, around the corner.

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'
 Mit Küßen nicht zu stillen:
 Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
 Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
 Und schöpfst du an die
 tausend Jahr,
 Und küßest ewig, ewig gar,
 Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'
 Neu wunderbarlich Gelüsten;
 Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,
 Da wir uns heute küßten.
 Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
 Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;
 Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
 Je weher desto besser!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,
 Wie lang es Liebe giebt,
 Und anders war Herr Salomo,
 Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Insatiable love

This is how love is! This is how love is!
 Not to be stilled with kisses:
 who is such a fool as to try to fill
 a sieve with mere water?
 You could pour water in for a
 thousand years,
 you could kiss for ever and ever,
 and never find love's fulfillment.

For love, love has new and strange
 desires at every hour;
 we bit our lips sore
 when we kissed today.
 The girl kept quite still,
 like a lambkin under the knife;
 her eyes were pleading: go on,
 the more it hurts, the better!

This is how love is, and always was,
 ever since love has existed;
 and not even Solomon himself,
 for all his wisdom, ever loved in
 any other way.

Auf eine Christblume I

Tochter des Walds, du
Lilienverwandte,
So lang von mir gesuchte,
unbekannte,
Im fremden Kirchhof, öd'
und winterlich,
Zum ersten mal, o schöne,
find' ich dich!

Von welcher Hand gepflegt
du hier erblühtest,
Ich weiß es nicht, noch
wessen Grab du hütet;
Ist es ein Jüngling, so geschah
ihm Heil,
Ist's eine Jungfrau, lieblich fiel
ihr Teil.

Im nächt'gen Hain, von
Schneelicht überbreitet,
Wo fromm das Reh an dir
vorüber weidet,
Bei der Kapelle, am
krystall'nen Teich,
Dort sucht' ich deiner
Heimat Zauberreich.

Schön bist du, Kind des
Mondes, nicht der Sonne,
Dir wäre tödlich andrer
Blumen Wonne,
Dich nährt, den keuschen Leib
voll Reif und Duft,
Himmlischer Kälte balsamsüße
Luft.

In deines Busens goldner Fülle
gründet
Ein Wohlgeruch, der sich nur
kaum verkündet;
So duftete, berührt von
Engelshand,
Der benedeiten Mutter
Brautgewand.

Dich würden, mahnend an
das heil'ge Leiden,
Fünf Purpurtropfen schön und
einzig kleiden:

To a Christmas Rose I

Daughter of the forest, you the
lilies' kin,
long sought by me,
unknown one,
now in a strange churchyard,
desolate and wintry,
for the first time I find you,
lovely one.

By whose hand tended you
blossom here
I do not know, nor whose grave
you guard;
if it is a boy, then grace has
befallen him;
if it is a girl, her lot fell in lovely
ground.

In the darkling grove, flooded with
snowy light,
where the deer grazes peacefully
beside you,
near the chapel, by the crystal
brook,
there I sought the magic kingdom
of your home.

You are fair, a child of the
moon, not of the sun.
The glory of other flowers would
be death to you;
your pure body, all bloom and
scent, feeds on
celestially cool air sweet
as balsam.

Within the golden fullness of your
bosom dwells
a lovely perfume that hardly makes
itself known;
such was the scent, touched by
angelic hands,
of the Blessed Mother's
bridal veil.

To remind us of the holy
Passion
five crimson drops would give you
beautiful and unique clothing.

Doch kindlich zierst du, um
die Weihnachtszeit,
Lichtgrün mit einem Hauch
dein weißes Kleid.

Der Elfe, der in mitternächt'ger
Stunde
Zum Tanze geht im lichterhellen
Grunde,
Vor deiner mystischen Glorie
steht er schäu,
Neugierig still von fern, und
huscht vorbei.

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen
tret' ich ein,
In den Straßen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offnen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglocken-
töne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein
Nachtigallenchor,
Daß die Blüten beben,
Daß die Lüfte leben,
Daß in höherem Rot die Rosen
leuchten vor.

Lang hielt ich staunend,
lustbeklommen.
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor gekommen,
Ich weiß es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem
Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie
rauscht im Grund die Mühle,
Ich bin wie trunken, irrgeführt,
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

But childlike, at Christmas time,
you adorn
your white dress with a breath of
light green.

The elf who, at the midnight
hour,
goes dancing on the glistening
ground,
stands awestruck by your
mystic halo, keeps
his distance, inquisitive but quiet,
and slips away.

On an expedition

I come into a friendly little
town,
on its streets basks the red glow of evening.
From an open window,
over the most opulent array of flowers,
and beyond, golden bells are
heard ringing
and a voice seems a whole
chorus of nightingales
that sets the blossoms quivering,
brings breezes to life,
makes the roses glow a brighter
red.

Long I stood amazed, breathless
with delight.
How I came out through the gate
I truly do not know myself.
Ah, here, how bright the world is!
The sky billows in clusters of
crimson,
behind me the town is a haze of gold.
How the stream chatters among the
alders and the mill below!
I am like one intoxicated, led astray.
O muse, you have touched my heart
with a breath of love!



A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table

William Walton (1902-83)

Walton, unlike other English composers of his era, did not write a large number of songs; but his two cycles from the 1960s and a handful of early settings are significant within the tradition and are certainly representative of the best in his own musical output. *A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table* sets a group of poems about London which were collected together by Christopher Hassall (librettist of Walton's opera, *Troilus and Cressida*). The work was commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, one of the wealthiest of the city guilds. It was performed at the City of London Festival in July, 1962, by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Gerald Moore, for whom it was written.

1. The Lord Mayor's Table (*Thomas Jordan — for the Lord Mayor 1674*)

Let all the Nine Muses lay by their abuses,
Their railing and drolling on tricks of the Strand,
To pen us a ditty in praise of the City,
Their treasure, and pleasure, their pow'r and command.

Their feast, and guest, so temptingly drest,
Their kitchens all kingdoms replenish;
In bountiful bowls they do succour their souls,
With claret, Canary and Rhenish:

Their lives and wives in plenitude thrives,
They want not for meat nor money;
The Promised Land's in a Londoner's hand,
They wallow in milk and honey.

2. Glide gently (*William Wordsworth*)

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.

O glide, fair stream, for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

3. Wapping Old Stairs (*anon. 1790*)

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
 Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
 When I swore that I still would continue the same,
 And gave you the 'bacco box, marked with your name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
 To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,
 For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you threaten'd, last Sunday, to walk in the Mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom, with a tear.

Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more priz'd?
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

4. Holy Thursday (*William Blake*)

'Twas on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
 The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green:
 Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
 Till into the high dome of St Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!
 Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
 Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

5. The contrast (*Charles Morris*)

In London I never knew what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted by that,
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help me! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirit when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

Your magpies and stockdoves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please:
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, Oh! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about,
But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

6. Rhyme (*anon. 18th cent*)

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Margaret's.
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.
Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.
Kettles and pans,

Say the bells of St. Anne's.
Old father baldpate,
Say the slow bells of Aldgate.
You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London
Town.



Mélodies passagères (Rainer Maria Rilke) Op. 27

Samuel Barber (1910-81)

Francis Poulenc was a great admirer of the music of Samuel Barber — "surely the best American composer", he called him. In 1950, Barber began to set these five poems by Rilke for Poulenc to perform with his recital partner, the baritone Pierre Bernac. Three of them were premiered by Barber with Eileen Farrell in April, 1950, but the first performance of the complete cycle was given by Bernac and Poulenc in New York Town Hall on 10 February, 1952. The mood of the songs is a wistful resignation, shot through with flashes of hope and transitory joy. The composer's biographer, Paul Wittke, tells us that this echoes Barber's own feelings at the time of composition, when he boasted "he was in love".

1. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons
la mélodie passagère;
celle qui nous désaltère
aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art;
soyons plus vite que
le rapide départ.

1.

Since all things pass,
let's make a passing melody;
the one to quench our thirst
will be the one to win us.

What leaves us, let us sing
with love and art;
and swifter let us be
than the swift departure.

2. Un cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau
tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.

Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublée...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.

2.

A swan moves over the water
surrounded by itself,
like a painting that glides;
thus, at times,
a being one loves
is a whole moving space.

And draws near, doubled,
like the moving swan,
on our troubled soul . . .
which to that being adds
the trembling image
of happiness and doubt.

3. Tombeau dans un parc

Dors au fond de l'allée,
tendre enfant, sous la dalle,
on fera le chant de l'été
autour de ton intervalle.

Si une blanche colombe
passait au vol là-haut,
je n'offrirais à ton tombeau
que son ombre qui tombe.

4. Le clocher chante

Mieux qu'une tour profane,
je me chauffe pour mûrir mon
carillon.

Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon
aux Valaisannes.

Chaque dimanche, ton par ton,
je leur jette ma manne;
qu'il soit bon, mon carillon,
aux Valaisannes.

Qu'il soit doux, qu'il soit bon;
samedi soir dans les channes
tombe en gouttes mon carillon
aux Valaisans des Valaisannes.

5. Départ

Mon amie, il faut que je parte.
Voulez-vous voir
l'endroit sur la carte?
C'est un point noir.
En moi, si la chose
bien me réussit,
ce sera un point rose
dans un vert pays.

3. Grave in a park

At the end of the avenue, sleep,
tender child, beneath the stone;
around your interval we'll sing
the song of summer.

If a white dove
flies overhead,
I will lay upon your grave
only its shadow that falls.

4. The Bell Tower sings

Better warmed than a secular tower,
to ripen my carillon
am I.

May it be sweet, may it be good
for the girls of Valais.

Every Sunday, tone by tone,
I throw them out my manna;
may it be good, my carillon,
for the girls of Valais.

May it be sweet, may it be good;
into their beers on Saturday nights,
drop by drop, falls my carillon
for the boys of the girls of Valais.

5. Departure

My sweet, I must go away.
Would you like to see
the place on the map?
It's a black point.
In me, it will be
if the thing succeeds,
a rose-red point
in a green land.



Two duets

In 1872, Saint-Saëns introduced Fauré to the circle of Pauline Viardot, the brilliant and legendary singer recently retired from the stage and returned to Paris. Her salon was a lively place — as well as the concerts there, Fauré recalled playing charades with Turgenev and Saint-Saëns before a distinguished audience including George Sand, Ernest Renan and Gustave Flaubert. Fauré became close friends with the Viardot children, particularly Marianne, to whom he was briefly engaged. These two duets were written for Marianne and her sister, Claudie, Fauré's in 1875, the Saint-Saëns in 1871.

Puisqu'ici-bas tout âme (Victor Hugo) Op.10 Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Puisqu'ici-bas tout âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique sa flamme
Ou son parfum,

Puisqu'ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours,

Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes
Un bruit charmant
Que la nuit donne aux peines
L'oubli dormant,

Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer.
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser,

Je te donne à cette heure,
Penché sur toi
La chose la meilleure
Que j'ai en moi.

Reçois donc ma pensée
Triste d'ailleurs
Qui comme une rosée
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
O mes amours,
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours.

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses
Purs de soupçons
Et toutes les caresses
De mes chansons,

Mon esprit qui sans volie
Vogue au hasard
Et qui n'a pour étoile
Que ton regard;

Reçois mon bien céleste
O ma beauté!
Mon cœur dont rien ne reste
L'amour ôté!

Since on this earth
every living creature offers
to somebody its music,
its ardour, its scent,

Since everything
always gives
its thorn or its rose
to its loved one,

Since April lends the oak-tress
a wonderful sound,
and night gives to our troubles
forgetful oblivion,

And since, as it comes
to rest there,
the bitter wave gives
the shore a kiss,

I give you now,
as I lean over you,
the best that
I have of myself.

So accept my thoughts,
once so sad,
which come to you,
like dew, in tears!

Accept my numberless vows,
oh my love,
accept the light and the shade
of my life.

My passions full of wildness,
free of suspicions,
and all the caresses
of my songs,

And my soul which drifts
at random without a sail,
and for a guiding star
has only your gaze;

Accept my gift from heaven,
oh my love!
My heart, of which nothing remains
once love is taken away!

El desdichado (Boléro) (*anon.*)

Qué me importa que florezca
 El arbor de mi esperanza,
 Si se marchitan las flores,
 Y jamas el fruto cuaja.
 Ha!

Dicen que el amor es gloria,
 Y yo digo que es infierno.
 Pues siempre estan los amantes
 En un continuo tormento!
 Ay!

El feliz y el desdichado
 Suspiran con diferencia:
 Unos publican sus gustos,
 Y otros publican sus penas.
 Ha!

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

The unhappy lover

What does it matters to me
 that the tree of my hopes blossoms,
 if the flowers wither
 without it ever bearing fruit?
 Alas!

They say that love is glorious,
 and I tell you it is hell,
 because lovers are always
 in ceaseless torment.
 Alas!

The happy and the unhappy
 sigh for different reasons:
 the former to express their joys,
 the latter to express their sorrows.
 Alas!



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Our Recital Series at the Glenn Gould Studio continues on Wednesday, February 21 with a recital by another brilliant young Canadian soprano, **Valdine Anderson**, who has garnered raves in both North America and England for her thrilling performances, especially of contemporary opera and concert. Her programme for us will range from Mozart to Granados and Britten. We finish on Thursday, April 26 with one of Canada's favourite tenors, **Michael Schade**, singing Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*. All concerts are at 8 pm, and single tickets (\$25/\$20 students and seniors) may be purchased from the Glenn Gould Studio at (416) 205-5555.

There are also three concerts remaining in our Sunday Series: our annual *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* on January 28, with **Monica Whicher**, **Susan Platts** and **John Tessier**, a Ravel programme, *The Enchanted Garden*, on March 4, with **Nathalie Paulin**, **Catherine Robbin** and **Brett Polegato** and *Proud Songster* — a look at the life and music of **Gerald Finzi** — on April 29, with **Colin Ainsworth**, **Mark Pedrotti** and **The Elora Festival Singers**. All concerts are at 2:30 pm. Single tickets are \$25/\$20 and because of the large subscription audience for this Series, it is advisable to reserve in advance by calling (416) 444-3976.



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Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Mehgan Atchison is in her third year of study with the University's Opera Division, where she created the role of Elizabeth Hughes in last month's world première production of *The Last Duel* by Gary Kulesha and Michael Patrick Albano. She sang Helena in the Opera Division's production of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Lisette in *La rondine* last season, and will appear as Mimi in *La bohème*, and La Princesse/La Chauve-Souris in *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*. She has been a member of the Vancouver Opera Chorus and a frequent performer with the Victoria Symphony, where she was a soloist in Brahms's *Ein Deutsches Requiem*. Together with Andrea Ludwig, she has performed with the Concertsingers in Poulenc's *Gloria* and Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*.

Andrea Ludwig sang with the Elmer Iseler Singers from 1995-1999, when she joined the University of Toronto's Opera Division. Last year she appeared as Hermia in their production of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in the role of Octavian in excerpts from *Der Rosenkavalier*. This fall she took part in the Opera Division's newly commissioned opera by Gary Kulesha, *The Last Duel*, where she sang the role of Cecilia Corfield. Later in the season, she will appear as the *Enfant* in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*. Andrea is the recipient of this year's prize from the Toronto Wagner Society, for whom she will sing a recital in May, 2001.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and he has had a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. His other musical activities have included engagements with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements in Aldeburgh. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.